

4,000 PICNICKERS LEFT OUT ALL NIGHT TO FREEZE IN A GROVE—WOMEN SUFFER, MEN FIGHT, A CHILD IS MORTALLY SHOT AND BABES STARVE.



Seeking Information of the Picnickers.

Crowds surrounded the office of Vorwaertz, the newspaper under whose auspices the picnic was given. The police had difficulty in preventing the place being mobbed.

Terrible Suffering by Participants and the Vorwaertz Barge Party to Idlewild Grove.

FOUR THOUSAND East Side picnickers—men, women and children—were deliberately marooned at midnight Saturday in Idlewild Grove, on the Sound.

Sleepless, starving and sore, they spent the night in the open air, a prey to extortion and fraud; then late last evening, bedraggled and furious, at last were returned to their homes.

All this seems due either to the incompetence or unconcern of the Myers Excursion Company, whose steamers were chartered to transport the excursionists to and from the grove. Although warned beforehand, it is asserted, its captains deliberately abandoned the thousands, and without explanation or apology left the picnickers to shift for themselves. There, miles from home, many of them perished, these men, women and children suffered incredible privation, and in a great number of cases actual bodily harm.

WORST OF THE KIND IN EAST SIDE HISTORY.

A STRONG and popular feature of the East Side's summer season is the annual picnic of the Vorwaertz, a newspaper published in Hebrew.

On Saturday thousands prepared themselves for the day. The slide-wheelers Tolchester and Bay Queen waited at the Market street pier and at Idlewild Grove.

In charge of arrangements were A. Feller, J. Luckner, S. Marcus, B. Basheim and G. Phillips. At their invitation Joseph Baroness, the Socialist-Labor leader, became master of ceremonies. These men gathered at the pier, ready to lead the picnickers on board.

The barge were scheduled to leave at 8 a. m., 10 a. m., noon, 2 p. m., 4 p. m., and 6 p. m. But all failed to go on the first boats. Hour after hour the scene was repeated. At 7 p. m. the Tolchester left on her last trip to the grove.

In the meantime the committee, noting that the two steamers would be unable to return all these thousands, engaged the barge Susquehanna from the Myers Company.

"We paid \$225 for it," says A. Feller. "We gave it to them for nothing," says the committee. "We knew we would have trouble at night."

The barge arrived at the Grove in tow some time about 6 p. m. Many of her passengers had been on the pier since 8 a. m. The Bay Queen left the barge at the Grove and returned to the city with a few passengers.

Part of the crowd had had enough, and made a bolt for the boat. These persons say that the Tolchester pulled out without ceremony.

The committee explained then that the barge would take some of them on the next trip of the Bay Queen. After a while the Bay Queen arrived, and with as many as could crowd aboard started back for the city. Two thousand, in the meantime, had packed themselves aboard the barge. But the Bay Queen left it there.

"The Tolchester will tow you home," was the cry from the Bay Queen. The Tolchester, hours later, returned. It was late.

"We can't take the barge," said the officers, "the Bay Queen will tow you home."

It was 10 p. m. The crowd was growing ugly. But neither the Bay Queen nor the Tolchester returned.

"Lynch him!" screamed the infuriated men. A mob formed. The white and struggling culprit was hurled toward the water front, when Baroness broke in.

"Let that man go!" he commanded. He was turned aside outside the grove. It grew toward midnight. Four thousand persons were at the grove, and fully 3,000 were packed aboard the barge. Others lolled about the grounds. Women with children hunted for a seat. There was none.

Many stretched out on the ground, the babies staid with sleep or screaming for food. Presently there was no more milk.

A crowd of men pursued Baroness. "I have sent for the steamers," he said. The crowd roared in derision. "It's a swindle!" A crowd of men, some one, and the mob took up the cry. Baroness tried to retreat. Some one struck him in the face. A dozen blows were aimed at his head. The master of ceremonies fled to the hotel in the grove. A trio of negroes set up a crap game.

and in another quarter a shell game flourish, the swiftest crop out of the water on the other side of the fence, made for the woods and escaped.

Thirst and hunger had already begun to tell. The cost of a sandwich leaped to 40 cents; ginger ale and sarsaparilla cost 20, 30, 40 cents a bottle. One man strove to buy a loaf of bread for his babies. The price was 30 cents.

Midnight came, and there was neither shelter nor a fit place to lie.

Built Fires on the Beach. Some one started a fire on the beach. Its warmth drew in hundreds; it was trampled out in their eagerness. Then another fire was started, another and another. When the driftwood gave out, the crowd tore down part of a fence.

Long after midnight, a man in the white cap of a committeeman came down the beach.

"Here he is!" screamed a watcher by the fire. The crowd seized the stranger. He protested wildly that he was not of the committee. The crowd backed him up against the fire, and some one yelled, "Roast him alive!" Furious and vengeful, the crowd beat him toward the fire. But he fought his way free and fled.

It was more a gathering of wild beasts than men.

Being with rage, the crowd caught a card sharper. Bleeding and half senseless, he was hurled into the water. He crawled forth, only to be hurled back.

Added to this was the certain knowledge that in New York their friends and families would be overwhelmed with fear.

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Crowds to Welcome the Marooned Picnickers.

When the boat came to the pier the throngs rushed to the shore side and nearly capsized the craft.



Return of the Susquehanna.

So thick were the excursionists aboard that women had to stand up for four hours. Many fainted on the way home.

CRAZED CROWDS FILL THE STREETS.

Walked the Pavement All Night Waiting Loved Ones.

CHILD SHOT IN A FREE FIGHT.

One Excursionist Declares the Fatality Was Not an Accident.

LAYS BLAME ON THE BOAT PEOPLE.

Supt. Baroness Will Sue Them for \$25,000 Damages.

UNtil midnight of Saturday mothers, fathers and other relatives and friends of the excursionists waited patiently enough for the pleasure seekers.

The excursionists represented all of the lower East Side, and at 1 o'clock there was anxiety in many homes. At 2 the worry and disquiet took active form, and the more nervous ones began to inquire at the police station houses for news.

A detail of police was hastily marched from the Eldridge street station, but while they prevented an actual mobbing of the place they could not keep the crowd away.

There was a babel of tongues, English, German, Polish, Hebrew and a dozen jargons were mingled in expressions of rage, terror or pleading.

Downstairs in the basement, on the Suffolk street side of the newspaper office, were printers getting out the Sunday edition—an edition in which was to be a glowing account of the excursion. The workers were badly frightened at the size of the threatening crowd, and to the loud shouts for information as to the missing excursionists no answer.

In the great crowd were men and women, too, who assumed a sort of leadership. They hanged the persons nearest them, and uttered loud demands for vengeance.

There was a sudden movement of the crowd. A hundred men darted down the stairs to the pressroom, and before the police could get at them the assaulters had smashed in a pane of glass in the door. Fortunately, behind the glass was a strong iron network. Before the door itself could be forced the police hurled themselves at the shouting, frantic mob and, clings in hands, drove them back.

Finally an employe of the paper posted on the door a bulletin in Hebrew announcing that the excursionists were safe and would return about noon. This news was quickly spread to the many homes, and again the anxious ones came back to read for themselves the glad tidings.

But about 11 o'clock the crowd was increased by a few who had just come back by rail from the grove. They were quickly surrounded by anxious listeners. When they were told that no serious news had occurred they set up a shout of joy and thanksgiving, but when the newcomers proceeded with their tales the joy gave way to rage and pity.

The one immediate fatality of the picnic was the death of Etta Reischat, a child, of No. 153 Suffolk street, as told in yesterday's Journal.

Although several witnesses agree that little Etta Reischat was killed accidentally by a rifle bullet aimed at a flimsy target at Idlewild Grove, Isidor Goldstein, of No. 88 Columbia street, tells a different story. He said:

"When we got to the Grove two colored farm hands came among us and started a 'crap' game, in which many of our people lost money. Baroness tried to drive them away, and a regular free fight ensued. During the fight one of the colored men drew a revolver and fired. The little girl was hit by the bullet.

"Then the two men went away before any one knew what damage they had done, and later a policeman came and wanted to arrest some of our party for fighting. He went away, however, without any prisoners."

"Whatever their contract, it was their plain duty, once we were up there, to bring us back. I offered to pay the captain of the Tolchester \$50 to take the barge back to New York. But he told me that the Bay Queen, which was to make the last trip, would bring the barge, and I believed him."

"Then the captain of the Bay Queen simply sailed away from us without listening to our entreaties or expostulations."

"Some of us walked eight miles this morning to the station for a train to New York."

"We found a tug at the Battery and hired it for \$10 an hour to bring us down. I telephoned to the woman who keeps the hotel at Idlewild Grove to hire wagons to send for food for our people. She promised to do so. I don't know yet whether she did or not."

"I then went up to Myers's office and they told me that they had sent two big steamboats up to bring the people back. Our tug had gone and it was our tug that brought the barge back. I am told."

"It is said that the crowd attacked you and beat you," the reporter said.

"Oh, that is nothing at all. I am not injured, am I?" He showed no marks of rough handling.

Mrs. S. J. O'Sullivan's Funeral. Held in N. Y. July 2.—The funeral of Mrs. Sylvester J. O'Sullivan, of New York, who was fatally burned by stepping on a match in the stove at Crosby & Hill yesterday, will be held from St. Francis Xavier Church, in West Sixteenth street, New York, Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. Mrs. O'Sullivan was a member of the church. Her father, Danny, will conduct the service.

Quick Results—Best Results. Journal's unequalled growth in "Want" advertising—22,694 "Want" ads. gained in June over June last year.

JOSEPH BARONDESS was found at home, No. 405 Grand street, last night. He declared that he was too busy painting and decorating his rooms to talk in detail about his experiences.

"I am going—I should say we"—Baroness began, "are going to sue the Myers Excursion Company for \$25,000 damages for their gross breach of contract and their scoundrelly treatment of our people. Whatever these Myers people may tell you, I—me, I mean—hired that barge when we saw that there would be more people at the Park than the later steamboats could handle. I was one of those who hired the two steamers."

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Waiting the Return of Loved Ones.

All day the East Side friends of the luckless Vorwaertz excursion waited to welcome their loved ones. At times they were in danger of being elbowed into the river.

An Awful Night, with Cold Starvation and Terror. Picnickers Tell Their Night's Terrible Experiences.

ABOUT fifty of the excursionists came home yesterday afternoon from Port Washington on the Long Island Railroad. Several of the women and children were very sick on the train.

Jacob Levy, of No. 39 Allen street, spent the night with his mother, wife and four children under the shelter of a tree. He said:

"I am sure that there will be a great deal of sickness and not a few deaths from the exposure in the woods."

"The understanding with the steamboat people was that the boats were to make trips every two hours, and 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening in order to safely get the many thousands of people home. The last boat left at 7 o'clock at night, and it was so crowded that even the captain said it was dangerous and drove some of the passengers off."

"When it was evident that they were not going to return for us there was great excitement."

"Women with children ran wildly around begging that something be done for them, and when the confusion was the greatest the people became panic stricken over the report that several babies had died. It is certain that one child died, but I did not learn the name of the parents."

"Soon after dark it became very cold, and fences, benches, chairs and other things were broken up and used to make fires all over the grounds. Those who stayed on the barge suffered more from cold than those in the woods, for the barge was ready to welcome back the children and the women who were left all night and who could not get them. Milk to feed the babies who were used to the bottle was at a premium."

"Men gave up their coats to their wives and children after everything in sight had been burned, and men who said they were not going to leave the barge were seen in the daylight with sandwiches, milk and water charged Delmonico prices for everything. Most of the people had no money."

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the Grove. The people without money had to suffer from hunger and thirst, and it was pitiful to hear the children crying for food and drink.

B. Dvoretzky and S. Siegel—We went to the Grove this morning by rail to find friends. We carried loaves of bread and several pounds of corned beef. The people were famishing, and before we even reached our friends the food was snatched from us by frantic mothers, who tore the loaves to bits and fed the crying children. We would have been mobbed if we had resisted. Water was selling for ten cents a glass and crackers for five cents apiece. A loaf of bread cost \$1 and many of these people had no money to buy food.

SAYS EXCURSIONISTS WERE TO BLAME.

JOHN G. GRIFFITH, manager of the Myers Excursion & Navigation Company, was prepared for all inquiries at the office of the company, No. 379 West street, yesterday.

Before uttering a word he hauled forth a book of contracts and displayed one made on May 24 with A. Fella, manager of the Vorwaertz. The contract stipulated that the steamboats Bay Queen and Tolchester were to make certain stipulated trips on July 1 between the pier at the foot of Market street, East River, and Idlewild Grove, on the Sound.

According to the schedule laid down in the contract—which was signed by Fella and Griffith—the Tolchester was to leave Market street pier at 8 a. m., 12 m., and 4 p. m., and on the return trips to leave Market pier at 10 a. m., 2 p. m., and 6 p. m.

Her consort, the Bay Queen, was scheduled in this agreement to leave Market street pier at 10 a. m., 2 p. m., and 6 p. m. On the return trips from Idlewild the Bay Queen's leaving time was given as 12 m., 4 p. m., and 8 p. m.

"That schedule was lived up to to the letter," said Manager Griffith. "We heard early in the afternoon that the steamboats were not going to leave Market and Street at 10 a. m., 2 p. m., and 6 p. m. as they took away on each trip. It was plain that when the Bay Queen—the last to leave the grove—was ready to depart for New York she would not be able to take the people remaining there."

"To provide against just such an emergency we sent up the large Susquehanna early in the afternoon. It fell out exactly as we had anticipated. The Queen could not begin to accommodate the throng."

"The surplus—I do not know just how many there were, but I have heard must at least have been 3,000—were to go aboard the barge. They declared they had chartered steamers and they were not going to ride on a barge."

When the Tolchester was under contract to be in Newburg the next day, as you will see by consulting the Journal, and the Bay Queen and the Tolchester were ready to depart. We had no alternative but to leave the belligerent excursionists at Idlewild, and to-day we sent up two tugs to tow down the barge."

A LUNATIC FRESCOES HIS CAPTORS WITH MUD.

The Sad End of a White Flannel Suit Worn by an Amateur Hypnotist During the Chase.

Joseph Kirby is in the insanity ward of the Harlem Hospital, but if his thinking apparatus is not hopelessly injured he must at least feel some satisfaction over the fun he had with the three policemen and one citizen who put him there.

Joseph emerged from his home, at No. 2,477 Eighth avenue, yesterday morning at 11 o'clock. He had been a member of the Egan chaser into the Harlem River, and he landed in the mud. Then the policemen retired for a council of war. They had on their new Summer uniforms.

Along came William Vestralier, of No. 2129 Lexington avenue, who thinks he is a hypnotist. He saw the white flannel suit but the policemen didn't stop him when he laid planks on the ooze and walked out to try and hypnotize Joseph.

Joseph got up and looked him in the eye. He got mad, substituted pugilism for hypnotism, and finally dragged his subject ashore.

When the police wagon arrived there was more fun, and by the time Kirby was landed in the hospital all the mud he had brought out of the river had been transferred to the hypnotist's white flannel suit and the uniforms of the policemen.

BOYS THE TRAIN WRECKERS!

Several to Be Arrested Under Suspicion of Causing the Buckridge Disaster.

Shamokin, Pa., July 2.—Policemen came with the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad night proscribed warrants for the arrest of three boys from seven to seventeen years of age, charged with having caused the wreck of the train near Buckridge last Friday.

The detectives have discovered that two of the boys, as was as first believed, were on the rails at a distance of 500 feet apart.

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